

THE
C O N T R A S T;
O R,
A COMPARATIVE VIEW
O F
F R A N C E A N D E N G L A N D
AT THE PRESENT PERIOD.
A P O E M.

ADDRESSED TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE WILLIAM PITT.

— Ah! QUAND POURRONT LES FRANÇOIS
REUNIR COMME VOUS LA GLOIRE AVEC LA PAIX?
J'AI VU LES CITOYENS S'EGORGER AVEC ZELE;—
J'AI VU PORTER LE COUP, J'AI VU TRANCHER LA VIE:—
DANS PARIS REVOLTE', L'ETRANGER ACCOURUT,
TOUT PERISSEOIT ENFIN, LORSQUE BOURBON PARUT.
La HENRIADE, Chant 1 & 2.

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THE

CONSTITUTION

OF

A COMPARATIVE VIEW

OF

FRANCIS AND ENGLAND

AT THE PRESENT TIME

BY

ALFRED

RIGHT HONOURABLE



D E D I C A T I O N

TO HIS GRACE

THE DUKE OF DORSET.

AMIDST the polish'd times of LATIUM's state,
When on the Throne the second CÆSAR fate,
The finish'd arts their graceful toil supplied,
And cherish'd science pour'd its fertile tide ;
The Muses, call'd from their sequester'd bow'rs,
On the charm'd heart display'd their magic pow'rs,

And modest worth, while great MÆCENAS sway'd,
Still found his fav'ring smile and gen'rous aid.

'Tis thine, my Lord, by true distinction grac'd,
Unbias'd judgment and unerring taste,
As by allow'd, hereditary claim,
To emulate the courtly Roman's fame,
And o'er a fairer and a greater land
Extend thy genial care and soft'ring hand.

Sprung from that noble and distinguish'd line
Which deck'd with choicest wreaths the muse's shrine,
With purest off'rings bade their altars blaze,
And join'd the hero's to the poet's praise ;
Still, by prescriptive right, a DORSET's name
Shields the young muse, and aids th' aspiring flame,

And o'er poetic ground unquestion'd sways,
 Adorn'd and shelter'd by its parent bays.
 To thee, with ev'ry kind sensation blest,
 Which softens and refines the human breast,
 Prompts thee declining merit to defend,
 And ready aid to ev'ry sorrow lend ;
 Is due the tributary verse, that shews
 The period of an injur'd nation's woes ;
 Beneath a gracious MONARCH's guardian sway,
 How glorious Freedom pour'd her cheering ray,
 Till from th' oppressive light base rule retir'd,
 And Cruelty and lawless Pow'r expir'd.
 'Twas in that hapless realm, so long oppress'd,
 That all thy various merit stood confest,

And

And shew'd how justly thy discerning land
 Consign'd her honour to thy guiding hand.
 For not alone each firm and gen'rous aim,
 To fix thy country's rights and guard her fame,
 The pow'rs which jealous passions could assuage,
 Whilst warring parties spread their horrid rage;
 But each fair act by virtuous worth inspir'd,
 And manners which a polish'd land admir'd,
 Shall to a DORSET's valued mem'ry raise
 The lasting tribute of a nation's praise.

THE



THE
C O N T R A S T*,

WHILST o'er the wide extent of human life,
The busy scenes of sublunary strife,
Pursuits so various toiling man engage,
(The mingled passions of this mortal stage)

* A considerable part of this Poem was written at Paris shortly after the great events which took place there in July, 1789, and which are likely to produce so material a change in the Constitution of France.

B

Whilst

Whilst Europe now such awful views supplies, 5

And objects which involve the world arise,

As int'rest sways each changing pow'r employ,

Some form'd to save, and others to destroy;

Say can the muse a fitter subject find,

Or more congenial to th' enquiring mind, 10

Than of the human will to mark the force,

And trace its diff'rent actions to their source;

Learn by what means, which Fate or Chance supplies,

Great empires fall, and petty nations rise,

And from the wide survey (with useful toil) 15

Still prize more dearly our paternal soil?

O thou, whose hand a willing realm obeys,

Whose wisdom guides us, and whose virtues raise,

Whose



Whose zeal, still active and unbias'd shewn,
 Gives added strength and lustre to the Throne; 20
 Wilt thou, O PITT, whilst the ambitious muse
 With daring flight her arduous course pursues,
 Compares the glorious plans thy pow'rs sustain
 With the false maxims of despotic reign;
 Aid and encourage her advent'rous aim, 25
 To hail the triumphs of thy splendid name,
 With bolder voice th' inspiring theme to raise,
 And mix her humble wreath with thy immortal bays?
 See hapless GAUL, o'er whose luxuriant plains,
 With lavish grace, indulgent Nature reigns, 30
 Where, warm'd with fairest suns, her harvest springs,
 Where ev'ry breeze brings "healing on its wings;"

Long has her wretched race, deny'd to share
 The blessings Heav'n design'd as free as air,
 Been doom'd to groan beneath Oppression's reign, 35
 Without the poor permission to complain;
 To see the wealth, the good that all pursue,
 Giv'n to a tyrant and a worthless few,
 Who know not Heaven's best favours to employ,
 Or taste a manly, or an honest joy. 40
 With pomp encircled, and unwieldy state,
 And all the idle pageants of the great,
 Their harden'd minds the vassal train despise,
 Whose toils afford the means to make them rise:
 On those destructive views intent alone, 45
 To draw more servile suppliants round the Throne,

Still

Still wider spread a plann'd, despotic reign,
 And bind with stronger links Oppression's chain.

A people doom'd to so severe a state
 Soon lose all vigour to oppose their fate : 50

In vain for them the happiest seasons shine,
 Mature the grain, and load the glowing vine,
 In vain for them the fertile globe is drest,
 No future prospect cheers their careless breast,
 Unblest and unconcern'd, midst Plenty's store, 55
 And in the gay profusion doubly poor.

But, such the cast which habit gives the mind,
 See it to these collective ills resign'd,
 Thoughtless and gay (where thought still wounds the more,
 And wakes the anguish fruitless to deplore) 60

As if

It

It learns at last to trifle with its care,

And gains factitious calm from fix'd despair.

Yet are there periods seen in ev'ry age,

When wrongs can rouse e'en mildness into rage,

Its load incur'd submission learn to feel, 65

And Slav'ry's self be fir'd with patriot zeal.

Such was the time pale GALLIA lately saw,

When pow'r and martial force had ceas'd to awe;

When a firm, chosen band, whose honour'd name

Shall live immortal in the rolls of fame, 70

Greatly resolv'd to break Oppression's ties,

And teach an injur'd people how to rise,

To despot rule no longer bend the knee,

But seize the rights of mankind, and be free.

Bleft

Blest Liberty ! whose all-pervading ray 75

Illumes the wild, and brighter makes the day,

Which late with such superior lustre shone,

Pour'd with too fierce a light upon the Throne,

Of lawless pow'r disclos'd the false disguise,

And blaz'd conviction in a nation's eyes. 80

Such is the fate avenging Heaven ordains,

When tyrant force the free-born mind enchains :

Thus from its glory fell imperial Rome,

And far-fam'd Greece receiv'd its destin'd doom.

Corrupted empire, and perverted sway, 85

Have ever hasten'd to their own decay ;

E'en at the very base by which they rise,

(Auspicious fraud) the secret ruin lies,

By

By gradual sap impairs the mould'ring walls,
Till swift to earth th' unsteady fabric falls. 90

And here let mem'ry tell in grateful strains
How a brave people burst their galling chains;
Review those awful scenes, whose honest rage
Bade ev'ry gen'rous breast its pow'rs engage;
Spread wide th' instinctive heat, that could inspire 95
In drooping age a more than youthful fire;
In the great cause make female softness stand,
And nerve resolute ev'ry patriot hand.
When LAUNAI *, doom'd to yield his forfeit breath,
And hapless FOULON † sunk in shameful death, 100

* Le Marquis de Launai, Governor of the Bastille.

† Monsieur de Foulon was the person who, immediately on Mr. Necker's removal, was named his successor.—To this circumstance, and to the propagation of reports highly injurious to his character (whether well or ill founded, cannot here be ascertained), may be attributed his catastrophe.

Pierc'd by unnumber'd wounds when BERTHIER * fell,

What force could then the human storm repel?

How did the muse behold, with joyful dread,

O'er tyrant pow'r the beauteous ruin spread,

And from the waste, blest by auspicious skies, 105

With glorious pomp aspiring Freedom rise!

Here, too, while Civil Rage and Tumult storm'd,

And dark Suspicion groundless terrors form'd,

For pure, recorded worth, let DORSET's name

Wake in each British breast a grateful flame. 110

'Twas his with manly confidence to stand,

And guard the honour of his native land,

* The Intendant of Paris, and married to Monsieur Foulon's daughter, became an object of suspicion, from the contents of some papers, which induced the people to consider him an enemy to their interests.

With honest warmth refute th' imputed blame,
And nobly vindicate his injur'd fame.

Is this the fair return by GALLIA shewn, 115

When gen'rous ALBION spar'd her tott'ring Throne—

To charge with any base, insidious part,

The clearest honour and the justest heart ;

In her own Court long known, and long approv'd,

Whom party trusted, and a people lov'd; 120

Who, when pale famine sunk the drooping land,

Diffus'd his bounty with no sparing hand,

Spread wide his hospitable gates, and gave

The ready means to cherish and to save ;

And bade the world this truth eternal know, 125

BRITAIN ne'er tramples on a prostrate foe ?

Lo !

Lo ! that dread PILE* ! which late triumphant stood,
 And frown'd terrific on the neighb'ring flood,
 From which blank Terror turn'd the guarded eye,
 And the pale stranger pass'd in silence by ; 130
 From its proud height behold it now o'eturn'd,
 Its turrets levell'd, and its ramparts burn'd,
 The secrets of its dark abyfs disclos'd,
 And the base marks of barb'rous Pow'r expos'd.
 In those damp, dismal dungeons, see consign'd 135
 To lasting durance, the benighted mind,
 Without one ray of light to cheer the gloom,
 One ray of hope to mitigate the doom.

* The Bastille. This astonishing fortress, the building of which was begun in 1369, and completed in 1383, originally intended as a place of defence, and deemed impregnable by Louis XIV. and the celebrated Turenne, was taken in four hours by a body of the people and a small number of the French Guards.

Here on the mournful walls engrav'd are shewn

The ceaseless plaint and unavailing moan, 140

The long, sad journal of each wretched hour,

Till memory at last forgot its pow'r,

On such keen woe a kind oblivion shed,

And a deep blank o'er banish'd reason spread.

No longer Heav'n delays its vengeful ire, 145

But bids it with a nation's rage conspire,

And hastens on the memorable day

To blast this monument of tyrant sway.

When civil fury tofs'd the flaming brand,

A pow'r superior lent its guiding hand, 150

With rage directed, shed the treasure'd store,

And taught th' o'erwhelming tempest how to pour.

Sunk

Sunk with the fate of these devoted walls,
 The ancient, boasted pride of Bourbon falls,
 And the long splendors of its fovereign name 155
 Loft in the brighter blaze of patriot fame.

On this fam'd spot, by grateful mem'ry plann'd,
 Let Liberty's immortal Temple stand ;
 The facred Pile shall fav'ring Heav'n fecure,
 And bid unhurt thro' latest times endure. 160

On the proud front, engrav'd on Parian stone,
 In golden, lasting characters be shewn
 The deathless names of that intrepid band
 Who fix'd the glory of their native land.

There pure CHAPELLIER's uncorrupted part, 165
 SIEYES' firm faith and RABAUD's blameless heart,

BAILLI,

BAILLI, unmov'd in Fate's most trying hour,
 CLERMONT's true worth, and TARGET's magic pow'r*;
 With each heroic chief who nobly rose
 To stem the torrent of domestic foes, 170
 Shall stand confest with all their various praise,
 And o'er the fabric shed their guardian rays.
 Round the fair dome let each gay image rise,
 Each sculptur'd grace to glad a nation's eyes,
 As marks on ev'ry free-born heart engrav'd, 175
 And fix'd memorials of an empire fav'd.
 Thus, whilst with sudden rage the tempests roar,
 And the charg'd clouds their wat'ry deluge pour,

* To the sterling abilities, spirit, and perseverance of these illustrious characters, France, in a great measure, owes its revolution. It must be a pleasing reflection to every liberal mind, that the names of Rabaud de St. Etienne, and l'Abbé de Sieyes, men of opposite persuasions, and pastors of different churches, should, laying aside ancient and ungenerous prejudices, unite in the glorious cause of Liberty.

Rais'd by the glorious ruler of the day,

See the rich bow its painted form display, 180

And to a glad and grateful world declare

The pledge and promise of celestial care.

Yet, faithful still to Truth's resistless claim,

Shall future ages cherish Louis' name,

And round his tomb bid fairer laurels grow 185

Than all the pride of empire could bestow.

'Twas his, beneath his guardian reign, to see

The glorious prospect of a country free,

To see, when civil rage the standard rear'd,

His person sacred, and his worth rever'd; 190

Still to a people's fond presages true,

To meet with gen'rous trust their anxious view,

And,

And, scorning guarded pomp and false parade,
 By no unmanly, doubtful fears dismay'd,
 Rouz'd by the gen'ral and instinctive call, 195
 To bid the mound of old oppression fall ;
 And thus, confirming all their wishes, prove
 His firmest safeguard in a nation's love *.
 So when assembled Greece on th' Isthmian plain,
 In festal pomp pour'd her united train, 200
 Flaminius' voice pronounc'd the great decree,
 That made at once astonish'd thousands free,
 And shew'd imperial Rome more truly great
 Than in her highest, most victorious state.

* Monf. Bailli, on the King's entry into Paris, presented his Majesty with the keys of the city, and address'd him in these words : " Sire, ce sont les mêmes clefs qui furent présentés à Henri IV. Il vint conquerir son peuple, aujourd'hui c'est le peuple qui reconquit son Roi."

To Albion now, O PITT, direct thine eyes, 205
 Where Freedom reigns, and arts and commerce rise,
 Plenty and Peace their brightest forms assume,
 Where, fenc'd by thee, the British laurels bloom,
 And round thy brows entwine their fairest bays,
 Th' immortal tribute that a nation pays. 210

As the lone trav'ller from his native shore,
 Who many a distant clime has journey'd o'er,
 Thro' frequent toils and num'rous perils past,
 To his paternal plains returns at last;
 So from those scenes, where warring pow'rs engage, 215
 And civil fury pours its horrid rage,
 Th' excursive muse impatient wings her way
 To where thy virtues spread their kindly sway,

D

And

And in the gen'ral influence gladly shares,
 Which guards a mighty realm, and which the world
 reveres. 220

And here to all thy various merit true,
 (A theme still copious, and for ever new)
 Let faithful mem'ry in untutor'd verse
 The blameless tenor of thy pow'r rehearse,
 Retrace the schemes thy active genius plann'd, 225
 To raise the glory of thy native land,
 And whilst th' unclouded prospect it displays,
 Envy shall sink in the collected blaze.

Born with that great and comprehensive mind,
 For stations of the highest trust design'd, 230
 Pow'rs which thro' nature cast their piercing view,
 Wisdom to frame, and firmness to pursue;

With

With plans of amplest range a spirit fraught,
The fire of action and the depth of thought,
The patriot ardour and unbias'd zeal 235
That glow unwearied for the public weal ;
The native honour and unspotted truth
Which beam'd such lustre on thy early youth,
With all that pure, hereditary fame,
Transmitted from a mighty parent's name ; 240
To what new point, say, could thy views aspire,
What fairer promise Britain's hopes require ?
Thy Sovereign saw at once, with guardian eyes,
The means to make his people's glory rise ;
'Midst party struggle and seditious rage, 245
And all the schemes Ambition's train engage ;

Thro' the surrounding mists which cloud the Throne,
 Saw with what native light thy virtues shone,
 And with decided, patriotic hand,
 Rais'd thee to govern and to bless the land. 250

And say, tho' Party rage, and Faction rail,
 In what our promis'd hopes are seen to fail?
 When Heav'n to thy auspicious influence gave
 A mighty people to protect and save;
 They grateful saw, with fond, presaging eyes, 255
 The image of thy father's virtues rise,
 Beheld thee, led by their directing light,
 Still keep the fair example full in sight,
 And strive, by ev'ry great and gen'rous aim,
 To emulate their fav'rite CHATHAM's fame. 260

No

No private view in specious semblance drest,
 Urg'd the fair purpose of thy stedfast breast;
 But when thy country claim'd thy wanted aid,
 You the instinctive call at once obey'd,
 And shew'd an union we so rarely find, 265
 The calm, firm sense of age, with youthful fire combin'd.
 Restor'd and shelter'd by thy fost'ring care,
 See Credit rise and Industry appear,
 The cherish'd Arts their graceful toil resume,
 Fair Science lift the head, and Genius bloom; 270
 Lo! busy Commerce to our crowded shores
 Wafts the rich tribute of its various stores;
 Again behold Britannia's spirit rise,
 Whilst round th' opposing world her thunder flies.

Could our most sanguine wishes more demand? 275

Are these the blessings of a common hand?

The plan, so long essay'd, at once matur'd,

By which a nation's honour is secur'd;

Her num'rous debts by just degrees discharg'd,

And gen'ral trust and confidence enlarg'd, 280

Whilst ev'ry hour the lib'ral scheme improves,

And Public Faith with added safety moves :

The idle wealth of place, so long deplor'd,

Back to its former, proper bounds restor'd,

And what with force resistless strikes the breast, 285

A SOVEREIGN happy, and an EMPIRE blest.

And here remembrance still retains the dread,

Late o'er Britannia's trembling empire spread,

When

When for her Monarch's fate, so long deplor'd,
 The ardent pray'r a suppliant people pour'd ; 290
 When baffled art in deep despair retir'd,
 And human firmness fail'd, and hope expir'd.
 Till Heav'n, in pity to a chasten'd land,
 Display'd its guardian, interposing hand,
 And spar'd the life, whose worth was sadly shewn, 295
 And all the value of the blessing known.

And say, what passions of the purest kind
 Must fill a happy Monarch's grateful mind,
 To learn, attendant on his dreaded fate,
 What gen'ral horror seiz'd his drooping state, 300
 To hear, his supplicated life restor'd,
 The stream of universal rapture pour'd,

And

And thronging thousands swell th' exulting strain,
 To hail his *second* and more glorious reign.

'Twas at this trying and important hour, 305
 When veering party chang'd with changing pow'r,
 When all but steady faith forsook the Throne,
 That the full lustre of thy virtues shone;
 Nobly disdaining each ambitious view,
 And to thy Country and thy Sovereign true, 310
 On the deep gloom their cheering radiance pour'd,
 Till happiness and BRUNSWICK were restor'd.

So when, conflicting winds deform the deep,
 And the vex'd navies o'er the ocean sweep,
 The firm, directing pilot sees from far, 315
 Rear'd on the rising coast, the guiding star;

And

And whilst around the raging billows roar,
Safe thro' opposing tempests gains the shore.

And deign, O CHATHAM, from those sacred scenes
Where now thy great, immortal spirit reigns, 320
If still allow'd to prove Britannia's friend,
Propitious here thy saving aid to lend ;
Instruct thy son to view with steady aim,
As *his* directing star, his father's fame ;
Like thee to make his country's glory soar 325
To that exalted height unknown before ;
With scorn of danger, and contempt of death,
Preserve these objects to his latest breath,
To guard the people's rights, protect the Throne,
And on Britannia's fame to build his own. 330

F I N I S.

(25)

... ..

...and the ...

Андрей Иванович Овсянников

Journal of the American Medical Association

1900

1914

Journal of the American Medical Association

Like time to make his country's glory last

To that extent I am not known before

With form of danger and content of death

Preserve these objects to his latest friends.

To grant the people's right, protect the people's

And on the same day...

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